



SYNOPSIS.

Arthur Ramsey, a fine, handsome young fellow, and a graduate of a western agricultural college, comes to the city of Red Rock in search of a position as foreman on a ranch. After looking in vain for a place he meets Major Thayer, a wealthy resident of Red Rock, who gives him a position on his ranch near the city. There Arthur meets with many humiliations, and is particularly annoyed by the patronizing airs of Thayer's partner, Saulsbury, who, however, turns out to be a good fellow, unaccustomed to American ways. Just as Arthur begins work on his chores one evening a party of Thayer's friends come out from the city to look about the farm, among them a lovely young girl from Washington, Edith, the major's niece, to whom Arthur's attention is at once drawn. She also seems to be impressed by his appearance. She is spending the summer at the major's city house, and comes up with him to the ranch very frequently to enjoy the country air, and Arthur and she sometimes meet at the ranch ballrooms. He falls deeply in love and makes up his mind to call on her. Before he gains courage to do this, he overhears one of the rider workmen jesting in a vulgar fashion about himself and Edith. A quarrel ensues.

PART III.

He caught up a strip of board which was lying on the ground near, but one of the Norwegian workmen put his foot on it, and before he could command, his weapon Arthur brought a pail which he held in his right hand down upon his opponent's head. The man fell as if dead, and the pail shattered into its original staves. Arthur turned then to face Tim, his hands doubled into fists, but the other men interfered, and the encounter was over. Arthur waited to see if the fallen man could rise, and then turned away feeling his hands shook so that he could not go on with his work.

At first he determined to go to Richards, the foreman, and demand the discharge of the two tramps, but as he thought of the explanations necessary, he gave it up as impossible. He almost wept with shame and despair at thought of her name mixed in the tumult. He had meant to kill when he struck, and the nervous prostration which followed showed him how far he had gone. He had not had a fight since he was thirteen years of age, and now everything seemed lost. He went to see the man just before going to supper, and found him in his barracks, sitting near a pail of cold water from which he was splashing his head at intervals.

He looked up as Arthur entered, but went calmly on with his ministrations; after a pause he said:

"That was a hell of a lick you gave me, young feller, brought the blood out of my ears."

"I mean to kill you," was Arthur's grim reply.

"I know you did. If that damned Norse hadn't put his foot on that board you'd be doing this." He lifted a handful of water to his swollen and aching head.

"What did you go to that board for? Why didn't you stand up like a man?"

"Because you were swinging that bucket."

"Oh bosh! You were a coward as well as a blackguard."

The man looked up with a gleam in his eye: "See here, young feller—if this head—"

Arthur's face darkened and the man stopped short.

"Now listen, Dan Williams, I want to tell you something. I'm not going to report this. I'm going to let you stay here till you're well, and then I want this thing settled with Richards looking on; when I get through with you then you'll want a cot in some hospital."

The man's eyes suddenly fell and Arthur turned toward the door. At the doorway he turned and a terrible look came into his face. "And more than that, if you say another word about her, I'll brain you, sick or well!"

As he talked the old, wild fury returned, and he came back and faced the wounded man. "Now what do you propose to do?" he demanded, his hands clinching.

The other man looked at him with a curious frown upon his face.

"I ain't a dam fool!" he curtly answered, and sopped his handkerchief in the water again.

The rage went out of Arthur's eyes, and he almost smiled, so much did the familiar phrase convey with its subtle

infections. It was cunning and candid, and chivalrous all at once. It acknowledged defeat and guilt, and embodied a certain pride in the victor.

"Well, that settles that," said Arthur. "One thing more, I don't want you to say what made the row between us."

"All right, pard, only you'd better see Tim."

In spite of his care the matter came to the ears of Richards, who laughed over it and told his wife who stared blankly.

"Good land, when did it happen?"

"A couple of days ago."

"Well, there! I thought there was a nigger in the fence. Dan had a hand on him like a bushel basket. What was it about?"

"Something Tim said about Edith,"

"I want to know. Wal, wall! An' here they've been going about as peaceful as two kittens ever since."

"Of course! They pitched in and settled it man fashion; they ain't a couple of women who go round sniffling and spitting at each other," said Richards, with brutal sarcasm; "an' near as I can learn, Tim and Dan came at him at once."

"They're a nice pair of tramps!" said Mrs. Richards indignantly. "I told you when they came they'd make trouble."

"I told you the cow'd eat up the

grindstone," said Richards, walking away.

The more Mrs. Richards thought of it the finer it all appeared to her. She was deeply engaged now on Arthur's side and was very eager to do something to help on his "sparking," as she called it. She seized the first opportunity to tell Edith.

"Don't suppose you heard of the little fracas we had 'tother day," she began in what she intended to be a delicately indirect way.

Edith was sitting in the cart, and Mrs. Richards stood at the wheel, with her apron shading her head.

"Why, no, what was it?"

"Mr. Ramsey came mighty near getting 'em killed." She enjoyed deeply the dramatic pallor and distortion of the girl's face.

"Why—why—what do you mean?"

"Wal, if he hadn't a lammed one feller with a bucket he'd a been laid out sure, so Richards says; as it is, it's the other feller that has the head." She laughed to see the girl's face change.

"Then—Mr. Ramsey isn't hurt?"

"Not a scratch! The funny part of it is, they've been going around here for a week, quiet as you please. I wouldn't have known anything about it only for Richards."

"Oh, isn't it dreadful!" said the girl.

"Yes, 'tis!" the elder woman readily agreed, "but why don't you ask what it was all about?"

"Oh, I don't want to know anything more about it; it's too terrible."

Mrs. Richards was approaching the climax. "It was all about you."

The girl could not realize what part she should have with a disgraceful row in the banneryard.

"Yes, these men—they're regular tramps," told Richards so the first time

she seized the first opportunity to tell Edith.

I set eyes on 'em—they made a little free with your name, and Art he overheard them and he went for 'em, and they both came at him, two to one, and he lammed both in a minute—so Richards says. Now I call that splendid; don't you? A young feller that'll stand up for his girl agin two big tramps—"

The major had been motioning for Edith to drive on down toward the gate, and she seized the chance for escape. Her lips quivered with shame and anger. It seemed as if she had been splashed with mire.

"Oh, the vulgar creatures," she said in her throat, her teeth shut tight.

"There, isn't that a fine field?" asked the major, as he pointed to the cabbage patch. There is a chance for an American imitator of Monet, those purple-brown depths, and those gray-blue-plink-pearl tints—What's the matter, my dear?" he broke off to ask, "are you ill?"

"No, no, only let's go home," she said, the tears coming into her eyes. He rose hastily. "My dear, you are really ill; what's the matter? Has your old enemy, the headache—" He put his arm about her tenderly.

"No, no! I'm sick of this place—I wish I'd never seen it! How could those dreadful men fight over me? It's horrible!"

The major whistled. "Oh ho! that's got round to you, has it? I didn't know it until yesterday. I was hoping it wouldn't reach you at all. I wouldn't mind it, my dear. It's the shadow every lovely woman throws, no matter where she walks—it's only your shadow that has passed over the muck."

"But I can't even bear that! It seems like a part of me—what do you suppose they said of me?" she asked in morbid curiosity.

"Now, now, dearest! to know that would be stepping into the muck after your shadow. The talk of such men is unimaginable to me."

"You don't mean Mr. Ramsey?"

"No, Mr. Ramsey is a different sort of a man. Mr. Ramsey is fine and clean, and I don't suppose anything else would have brought him to blows with those men."

They sat looking straight forward. "Oh, it's horrible! horrible!"

Her uncle supposed the knowledge of such lower depths must come to you some day, but don't seek it now. I've told you all you ought to know."

"Ramsey meant well," he went on, after a silence, "but such things do little good, not enough to pay for the outlay of self-respect. He can't control their talk when he's out of hearing."

"But I supposed that if a woman was good—I mean—I didn't know that men talked in that way about girls like me. How could they?"

The abyss still fascinated her.

"My dear, these men are only half-civilized. They have all the passions of animals, and all the vices of men. Ramsey was too hot-headed. Their words do not count; they weren't worth whispering."

There was a little silence; they were nearing the mountain again, and both raised their eyes to the peaks, deeply shadowed in tyrian purple.

"I know how you feel, I think," the major went on, "but the best thing to do is to forget it. To walk into a gang of rough men like that is foolish and

dangerous, too, for the ruffian is generally the best man physically, I'm sorry to say."

"It was brave, though, don't you think so?" she asked.

He looked at her quickly. "Oh, yes, it was brave, and very youthful. She smiled a little for the first time. "I guess I like youth."

"In that case I'll have to promote him for it," he said, with a smile that made her look away toward the mountains again.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

FATAL WRECK

In the Pan-Handle Yard at Collier's—A brakeman killed.

STEUBENVILLE, O., Jan. 16.—In a wreck in the Colliers, W. Va., yard of the Panhandle railroad, this morning, Freight Brakeman Albert Rogers, of East Liverpool, was instantly killed, his head being crushed, and Engineer James Conboy, of Idlewood, Pa., who was on passenger No. 20, was injured.

The yard engine had been switching cars and had shoved eight cars along No. 4 track, but they did not clear No. 6 siding, and when the yard engine sent some cars to run on No. 6 siding they struck one of the freight cars on No. 4 track, knocking it onto No. 2 track, and eastbound passenger No. 20, which came along at that moment, struck the car, derailing the engine and striking Rogers, who was standing on No. 2 track flagging. Conboy was injured in the wreck. Rogers' remains were brought here and shipped to East Liverpool.

Gen. Coppinger's Case.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—Senator Hale made an argument before the senate committee on military affairs today in connection with the confirmation of the nomination of General Coppinger to be brigadier general. He said that General Coppinger had served through the war as an officer, had fought in thirty-one battles and had been wounded in two. He produced the original letter of recommendation to the governor of Connecticut, written by General Custer and endorsed by General Sheridan, recommending in strong terms the promotion of Mr. Coppinger, then a captain, to the colonelcy of one of the Connecticut regiments. Senator Hale said the delay on the part of General Coppinger in taking out his naturalization papers was due to the fact that he had an interest in the entail of an estate in Ireland which he was advised by prominent Americans, including Mr. Blaine, might be endangered by his becoming a citizen of this country. He called attention to the fact that General Coppinger had been commissioned several times and had taken the oath of allegiance on all such occasions.

He accounted for the general's participation in the civil conflict in Italy when a young man, by saying that he was a professional soldier.

The committee is inclined without passing upon the nomination, which is being fought by the A.P.A.

Mr. Eckels on the Situation.

CHICAGO, Jan. 16.—"Little hope is entertained that any remedial financial legislation will be passed at the present session of Congress," said Mr. H. Eckels, comptroller of the currency, today. "The house has passed the coin bond bill, but not unsatisfactory as it is, there is little hope of its passing the senate in any form that will be satisfactory to the house. If passed at all by the senate it will be with a free silver amendment attached. Under such circumstances it would not be necessary for President Cleveland to veto such a measure, because the house as at present constituted would not agree to the amendment and the bill would never reach the President for his signature."

Sewer Pipe Association.

Special Dispatch to the Intelligencer.

STEUBENVILLE, O., Jan. 16.—The Central Sewer Pipe Association ended its labors to-day at Toronto. The board of directors are as follows: W. B. Francey and W. B. Goucher, of Toronto; T. J. Evans and J. M. Cooper, of Uhrichsville; J. N. Taylor, of East Liverpool; T. H. Coleman, of Pittsburgh, and Alfred Lyth, of Buffalo. The stockholders at the meeting were harmonious in spite of reports of dissatisfaction and that the outlook for business is 100 per cent better than it was this time last year.

Foolish Miners.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Jan. 16.—One thousand miners to-day at the Morris Coal Company went out on account of some trouble said to be local.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Jan. 16.—President C. Morris of the Morris Coal Company, said in relation to the strike at the Hocking Valley mine of the company to-day that one man had been discharged for sending out inferior coal. Because he had not been taken back, 1,000 miners had struck. The man, he said, would not be reinstated under any consideration. No question of wages is involved in the strike.

Maryland Deadlock.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., Jan. 16.—The second joint ballot for United States senator by the Maryland legislature taken at noon to-day resulted: Wellington (Rep.), 28; Goldsborough (Rep.), 19; Westcott (Rep.), 18; Dryden (Rep.), 4; Mulliken (Rep.), 7; Dixon (Rep.), 2; Smith (Dem.), 2; Page (Dem.), 9.

No Hope for Mr. Gillingham.

CANAJOHARIE, N. Y., Jan. 16.—The physicians attending Bernard Gillingham, the cartoonist, said there is no hope of his recovery, and that his death may take place very soon.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1895.

(Seal.) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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Use Dr. Miles' Nerve Plasters for Spinal Weakness. All druggists sell 'em for 5c.

NOT A few who read what Mr. Robert Rowle, of Hollands, Va., has to say below, will remember their own experience under like circumstances: "Last winter I had a gripe which left me in a low state of health. I tried numerous remedies, none of which did me any good, until I was induced to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The first bottle of it so far relieved me that I was enabled to attend to my work, and the second bottle effected a cure." For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle.

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FILES of people have piles, but De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve will cure them. When promptly applied it cures piles, hemorrhoids, and the slightest pain. Logan Drug Co., Wheeling, W. Va.; B. F. Peabody, Benwood, and Bowie & Co., Bridgeport, O.

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This the Time 'o Year

When stocks are broken, every line of merchandise showing odds and ends, short lengths, broken lines and sizes, and the stocks generally in a chaotic state incidental to an immense holiday trade, then it is that the wide-awake House institutes measures to get rid of this surplus at once—to clear the way for incoming goods which will soon be piling in. We propose to dispose of all such accumulations of the season's business in the easiest and quickest way—a way most satisfactory to customers and to us—by putting prices on every item that prove such a power to move the goods there'll be no question as to their going! Not a department to be exempt from this wholesale price cutting in retail selling, and if there's anything in Dress Goods, Silks, Suitings, Embroideries, Linens, Laces, Flannels, Gloves, Hosiery, Cotton Goods, Cloaks, Furs, Ladies' Misses' and Children's Ready-Made Garments, Men's and Boys' Furnishings—anything you'd expect to find in a first-class Dry Goods Establishment if you'll write our Mail Order Department giving an idea of your wants they will be supplied in the most expeditious and satisfactory manner possible and at prices only a fractional part of real value in majority of instances. When possible to exchange goods on account of size, color, etc., it shall be promptly done if at all expedient. We want our Mail Order friends to feel they are to receive all the courtesy and attention at the distance of hundreds or thousands of miles, that is received by, and due to customers at our counters.

To this end our Mail Order has been established, is successfully working along the lines indicated, and you can address this Department with confidence of receiving full satisfaction.

This week we mention but few from hundreds of great values from this Before-Inventory Sale—each a distinct bargain—value far beyond the ordinary and such as every unbiased judge of Dry Goods value will recognize at sight all-wool Assorted Suitings—dozen or more different styles—all fine up-to-date goods, regularly worth 65c, 75c and 85c a yard, 40 to 50 inches wide,

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New fresh, all-wool Cashmeres or Henrietta Cloth, such a firm, fine, quality as you might expect to get at double the price—splendid weight, perfect shades green, brown, navy—all desirable colors and black, 40 inches,

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